A Courtly new Ballad of the Princely wooing of the faire Maid of London, by King *Edward*.

To the tune of, *Bonny sweet Robbin*.

FAire Angell of England, thy beauty most bright
Is all my hearts treasure my joy and delight:
Then grant me sweet Lady thy true Love to be,
That I may say welcome good fortune to me.

The Turtle so true and chast in her love,
By gentle persuasions her fancy will move:
Then be not intreated sweet Lady in vaine,
For Nature requireth what I would obtaine.

What Phenix so faire that liveth alone,
Is vowed to chastity being but one?
But be not my Darling so chaste in desire,
Lest thou like the Phenix do penance in fire.

But alas (gallant Lady) I pitty thy state,
In hast resolved to live without mate:
For if of our courting the pleasure you knew,
You shall have a liking the same to ensue.

Long time I have sued the same to obtaine,
Yet am I requited with scornefull disdaine:
But if you will grant your good will to me,
You shall be advanced to Princely degree.

Promotions and honours may often entice
The chaslest that liveth, though never so nice;
What woman so worthy but will be content,
To live in the Palace where Princes frequent?

Two Brides yong & princely to Church have I led,
Two Ladies most lovely have decked my bed:
Yet hath thy love taken more root in my heart,
Than all their contentments whereof I had part.

Your gentle hearts cannot mens feares much abide,
And women least angry when most they do chide:
Then yeeld to me kindly and say that at length,
Men doe want mercy, and poore women strength.

I grant faire Ladies may poore men resist,
But Princes will conquer and love whom they list:
A King may command her to lie by his side,
Whose stature deserveth to be a Kings Bride.

In granting your love you shall purchase renowne,
Your head shalbe deckt with Englands faire crown,
Thy garment most gallant with gold shalbe wrought
If true love nor treasure of thee may be bought.

Great Ladies of honour shall tend on thy traine,
Most richly attired with scarlet in graine:
My chamber most Princely thy person shall keepe,
Where Virgins with musicke shal rocke thee asleep.

If any more pleasures thy heart can invent,
Command them sweet Lady thy mind to content:
For Kings gallant Courts where Princes do dwel
Afford such sweet pastimes as Ladies love wel.

Then be not resolved to dye a true Maid,
But print in thy bosome the words I have said:
And grant a King favour thy true love to be,
That I may say welcome sweet Virgin to me.

The faire Maid of Londons answer to King *Edwards* wanton Love.

To the same tune.

O Wanton King Edward thy labour is vaine,
To follow the pleasure thou canst not attaine,
Which getting thou losest, and having dost waste it
The which is thou purchase is spoil'd if thou hast it:
But if thou obtainst it thou nothing hast won,
And I losing nothing yet quite am undone,
But if of that Jewell a King doe deceive me,
No King can restore though a Kingdom he give me.

My colour is changed since you saw me last,
My favour is vanisht, my beauty is past
The Roses red blushes that sate on my cheekes,
To paleness are turned, which all men mislikes.

I passe not what Princes for love doe protest,
The name of a Virgin contenteth me best:
I have not deserved to sleepe by thy side,
Nor to be accounted for King Edwards bride.

The name of a Princesse I never did crave,
No such type of honour thy hand-maid will have,
My brest shall not harbour so lofty a thought,
Nor be with rich proffers to wantonnesse brought.

If wild wanton Rosamond one of our sort,
Had never frequented King Henries bave Court:
Such heapes of deepe sorrow she never had seene,
Nor tasted the rage of a jealous Queene.

All men have their freedome to shew their intent,
They win not a woman except she consent:
Who then can impute to a man any fault,
Who still goes uprightly while women doe halt.

'Tis counted kindnesse in men for to try,
And vertue in women the same to deny:
For women inconstant can never be proov'd,
Untill by their betters therein they be mov'd.

If women and modesty once doe but sever,
Then fare well good name and credit for ever:
And royall King Edward let me be exiled,
Ere any man knowes my body 's defil'd.

No, no, my old Fathers reverent teares,
Too deepe an impression within my soule beares:
Nor shall his bright honour that blot by me have,
To bring his gray hairs with griefe to the grave.

The heavens forbid that when I should dye,
That any such sinne upon my soule lye:
If I have kept me from doing this sinne,
My heart shall not yeeld with a Prince to begin.

Come rather with pitty to weepe on my Tombe,
Then for my birth curse my deare mothers wombe,
That brought forth a blossome that stained the tree,
With wanton desires to shame her and me.

Leave me (most noble King) tempt not in vaine,
My milk-white affections with lewdnesse to stain:
Though England will give me no comfort at all,
Yet England shall yeeld me a sad buriall.

FINIS.

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105